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Marvelous Things (Will not be continued)

By IndigoEyes

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Table of Contents

1. Marvelous Things Part 1 5

2. Marvelous Things Part 2 45

3. Marvelous Things Part 3 79

Chapter 1

Marvelous Things Part 1

Chapter One

Wings; large, wide and buttery soft. Intense turquoise eyes, shrouded with long chestnut lashes. He was so beautiful. Absolutely breathtaking.

I woke up with a start. My elbow length inky raven hair splayed all over me eerily like black blood. Dawn was breaking, a soft orange and blue light radiating from my view of the horizon. I walked out to my balcony to get a better look. I just stood there frozen for a while, feeling the cold winter breeze on my ivory skin, playing with my loose silky grey blousy night shirt. My long grey pajama pants

seemed to rustle with the chilly breeze, yet I felt hot, like I was under the desert sun. I could see a bright blue light in the distance, the light was an aquatic blue, and it enveloped me. I fell blind, my muscles felt weak. My back was throbbing, pain shot through either side of my back, excruciating, intense, back breaking pain. It felt like I was going to die, and then it subsided, I blacked out.

I woke up and then I got up from bed for the second time this morning; I can't even remember what happened when I woke up the first time. Today I'm moving starting a new life in a new place. I'm officially independent, my folks just died last week and in their will they signed off all the family money to me. You might be wondering why a seventeen year old is going to live alone, but when you have no blood relations to anyone and your entire family clan is dead well, what else do you do. The judge said that I am now emancipated because I wanted it. Besides my parents left me the sort of money that would make anyone faint at the total amount so I don't have to work. We had a cute little family restaurant but

I'm selling that, don't want any haunting memories now do I?

Four hours later and I am now in the midnight blue Mercedes convertible my parents bought me for my sixteenth birthday. I've sold my life away; the house we lived in, the cars we drove, everything. I packed some of my clothes, and took only one souvenir; the wings necklace my parents gave me when I turned seventeen. That's it, my entire life.

Chapter Two

Since my parents died I've been searching for where exactly my bloodline comes from. I figured out the last person to die in my family since my parents is my cousin Coraline, she lived in Paris, France. So that's where I'm headed, apparently she had a successful bakery shop there in which I'm entitled to take over if I choose to and I need the distance, so that's why I'm now at the airport, boarding, starting anew.

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"Blooming, Blooming, come to me Blooming." A male voice called my name. A deep strong voice full of intensity, it matches those intense turquoise eyes. I can see his soft sensuous peach lips moving, caressing my name as he calls out. I want to be closer.

"Who are you?" I'm shocked to hear my own voice ask. But I get no reply, he's gone, he is replaced by that intense blue light and once more I'm blind, my muscles feel weak. My back is throbbing, then the pain. The excruciating pain that shot daggers through both sides of my back, I'm about to die. Then it's gone.

"We are now arriving at the Charles de Gaulle airport in Paris." I woke up to the sound of the captain announcing that the plane is landing. I think I had a dream but again I can't remember it. I have been having this weird feeling after sleeping lately, probably because my parents just died, I just feel

different altogether that's all. So I get up from my comfy first class leather seat. The plane ride was somewhat relaxing; the plane was spacious with its roan red lounger seats and soft down pillows, really worth the cash I have to admit. I get my Tumi carry-on suitcase out and then make my way out the plane. As I make my way through the airport I hear a whistle from a group of guys I walked by. It's obviously not for me, considering the fact that right behind me was a blond goddess; flawlessly tan skin, big blue eyes and pouty pink lips, and a petite but willowy body accentuated by a tight fitting green dress, completed the picture of the beauty behind me, that was clearly the person they were whistling at.

***

I live in Coraline's apartment; a trendy little place located about three kilometers away from cousin Coraline's bakery. I made a deal with the judge; after the summer I would have to go to school, any school I choose, but I have to finish my education then I get full access to the money that my parents left me. So

I'm in Paris to settle Coraline's accounts, then I can do whatever I want. The apartment is so beautiful, once I walk in I find myself to be astounded, the room is cozy but chic. The walls are painted a soft grey with lacy cream curtains and hard maple wood floors. The couch is a beautiful indigo and the pillows are orange and yellow, everything about it is so warm and inviting. I probably would have liked Coraline if she wasn't dead. It is just the beginning of July; I still have all of summer to explore Paris.

Chapter Three

Two weeks have gone by and the bakery is doing really well, in fact I like it and I don't think I want to sell it. I even got acceptance letters for all of the boarding schools I have applied for. I'm a smart kid, though I don't mean to brag or anything. I still have to choose which school I'll go to, that's my first priority anyway.

"Hi, can I get a couple croissants and green tea please," I am instantly drawn out of my wandering mind by the most beautiful boy with warm chocolate brown eyes.

"Um....sure no problem." I said. I hand the boy his food and he winks at me, slaps some money on the counter, then he walks away. He winked at me?

***

"Did you see her?" McCauley asked. I always hear him in my head.

"Leave me alone, would you, and stay out of my head Mac."

"Blooming Sunrise, are you sure that was her? From the picture in your head she's not really, well much to look at. The most beautiful mortals can't even compete with the ugliest of us. Salem, Frederic said he wants come tomorrow, he wants to see Blooming too, apparently though I think he'll be disappointed." Frederic, he wants to see Blooming Sunrise? Does that mean she is coming to Marseille, I mean if she came that would be fantastic, we could watch and protect her better.

"Mac, will she be coming to Marseille?" I asked Mac through telepathy.

"I don't know but I definitely hope so, it would be easier to keep her safe. All of the rest of them are dead, so there is no one that can help her anymore. You know how important it is to protect her Salem." says Mac. I know, I think to myself.

***

The last month has been hectic; Coraline's bakery is seriously popular. I forgot about the appearance of the beautiful brown eyed stranger with his plush frosty pink lips, strong square jaw, and mahogany hair. I spent my mornings at the bakery and my afternoons touring Paris while others employees took care of the customers. What a beautiful city this is. Everything here has a charm about it, the air may not be the best to breathe but who could possibly bother with breathing when they are here. I'm even shopping at Avenue Montaigne and I have to admit I pretty much go crazy with excitement when I walk into all the boutiques. I get home at nine in the evening and I'm tired. I change into my soft cotton lavender pajama's and start packing my purchases into my suitcase, it's not like I can wear these clothes

at the bakery, I'll wait until school starts. When I'm finished I spot a thick envelope that had been slid under my door which made its way across my living room. I pick up the ocean green package and open it carefully. As I open it, out comes multicolour flakes, they fall daintily like snowflakes but they look so magical. I pull out the contents of the package and find a letter proclaiming that I have been accepted into Marseille Academy. I love art, the creativity in this acceptance letter grips at my heart. It's just like what my mom used to do to all of my birthday packages, anything that was in an envelope or a box my mom would find a way to stuff little colourful flakes everywhere, so that there was a burst of colour in everything. Mom has always thought that colour is important in life. I guess that is why I like art so much. I've definitely made up my mind now on where I'll go. Marseille Academy.

Chapter Four

So summer is over and I'm starting school in a week. I think I'm actually excited, Marseilles seems like it'll be amazing. I guess mom sent me an omen. The

school letter informed me that all I had to do was pack my things, put them in my car and drive to a garage that was entitled Marseilles, I would find it as I reached the borderline of Paris. When I reached the garage I would find a coach bus in which would bring me and some other students to the school, while our belongings would be taken to the school right away. The coach was supposed to leave by 2pm, so I don't have to drag myself out of bed too early. I set my alarm for 8am and sure enough everything went smoothly the next morning. I picked a couple things to put in my oversized tote bag. The trip was supposed to take like 5 hours so, I needed to make sure I would be comfortable. I packed loads of snacks, (let's not lie, I packed a lot of food. I love FOOD.), my favorite pillow for just in case I fell asleep, a blanket some books to read, and my sketchpad. I get into the shower and quickly get dressed. I look in the mirror to style my hair, and I study myself. I have flat grey eyes, which don't help with my looks, the only colour I have in my face is my red lips, which don't do much for me either. Technically I should be pretty but I'm not, I'm kind of

plain. I have super fair skin and shoulder length raven-black hair, which until recently used to be elbow length. I am kind of tall, standing at 5'8 which makes it hard for me to go unnoticed, seeing as I'm taller than the average girl. I just pull my hair into a ponytail and don't bother with makeup because my lashes are thick, extremely long, and well, black, and because of the colour of my lips I don't need lipstick or coloured gloss. I swipe on some clear MAC lip-gloss. I pick up my suitcase handles and start dragging the five cases down as well as a couple of my oversized tote bags. I throw them all in my car and get in my drivers seat as I say goodbye to Coraline's apartment. By 1:37pm I'm there. I park my car and then spot the coach; I leave my key in my door handle and make my way to the coach bus with my tote bag. I take the first step inside the coach, I feel apprehensive for a second then I push away the feeling. I take the next couple steps and I'm in the coach. I take a deep but quick breath and let it out before I start looking into the coach. I open my eyes to see the most gorgeous group of girls I've ever seen. I automatically felt uncomfortable and totally out of

place. The girls were all really pretty, they all looked different though; some looked like different types of china dolls, others looked like they just walked out of various magazines, catalogues and billboards, and even off the runway. Some where tall and Amazonian while others were petite and a few who were just in between; lithe, buxom, skinny, curvy, blondes, reds, brunettes, but not a single one was less than beautiful. I guess this bus is only for the girls. As I make my way through the isle I become aware of how beautifully furnished the coach is. The chairs are also made of buttery soft leather, like the one in First-class. The leather was a rich caramel colour and the isle had a red carpet. I look for an empty seat and try to ignore the stares I'm getting from the girls. I know I'm plain but seriously, the staring is so unnecessary. Lucky me! I find an empty seat at the back, so I can hide in peace. I can feel eyes boring through the book I'm now reading, but I ignore it as best as I can. I force myself to think about how amazing the school is going to be. Soon enough the coach is completely filled up and we are on the road. I take out my sketchpad and start doodling. When I

look outside I find myself in a trance; the trees fly by but I can still see each one, yet I'm not really paying attention, all I can think about are eyes and the colour turquoise. I don't understand it because I can't put the two together in my head. I try to make the eyes turquoise, I mean it only makes sense, but my head just won't put them together, so I draw the eyes on my paper, the thick beautiful chestnut lashes, and then take out a turquoise pencil crayon, to apply the colour to the eyes. When I shade it in, I get an odd sensation, by entire body tingles for half a second and just as quickly serious pain goes through either sides of my back, forcing a bloodcurdling scream out of my lungs. Everyone turns to look at me. Oh crap. The pain is gone but my back is throbbing, the bus has stopped, and I instantly feel blood rush to my face, but I know that the blush wouldn't be very strong. Despite my fair skin, I don't really blush much, or if I do it's hardly noticeable. I see the bus driver making her way towards me, and even she is amazingly pretty, with a petite frame and big round hazel eyes, high cheek-bones, and subtle red lips in a perfect bow shape.

"Are you okay?!" she asked in an alarmed tone. I simply nodded sheepishly. She looked at me once more with concern in her eyes, then her eyes darted to the picture I had drawn, and the ghost of a smile appeared on her lips (this sort of freaked me out) and then she left. A minute later and the coach started again, while I tried to hide myself due to my utter mortification. I could still feel eyes on me even after 3 and a half hours. Somewhere between the staring and my mortification I fell asleep.

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"Who are you?" I'm shocked to hear my own voice ask.

"You're almost there, you are so close." was all he said.

"Who are you? And what do you mmmeeaann..." I can't hear myself anymore. I realize that there isn't any sound coming from my mouth anymore. My voice can't be heard and I can hear dark laughter in the background. Again I can see that intense blue light. All my senses are gone. I'm blind, my muscles feel weak. My back is throbbing, then the pain. The excruciating pain that shot daggers through both sides of my back, I'm about to die. Then it's gone.

Chapter Five

The girls start exiting the bus and I wait until I'm the last one. When the last girl leaves I get up with my tote bag and proceed to exit when the bus driver looks up at me and smiles.

"Wake up" she says. I'm confused and I say to her that I am awake but she just shakes her head. I shrug it off and start descending the few steps off the bus when I hear her say "Wake up" once more. I get out of the bus as quickly as possible and follow the line up of girls to a huge garage. I spot my car and start

taking my things out just like the rest of the girls. I still feel their eyes boring into me every now and then. I grab my car key and lock it up. I take my stuff and follow a couple girls towards a door. Past the door I spot an office. I approach the glass doors and through it I can see a beautiful brown haired bronze skinned girl. She also has a whole bunch of suitcases with her and as I get closer I can hear her.

"Do you know which room I have been assigned?" The girl has a sophisticated French accent.

"Miss Grace, I'm saddened to inform you that you will be sharing a room with three other girls, though Mr. Grace, your father said that he would prefer you have your own room, which is just not possible with the amount of students we have this year. Your room number is 618K; you will be in the penthouse suite of the female dormitory."

"Fine then, that should be okay. Who will my roommates be? Daddy will not tolerate me having, well for lack of a better word lame roomies. I will not tolerate it either." Wow how rude. I have met rude and some downright bitchy girls before but, wow.

The comment was so unnecessary. But the receptionist answered humbly (she didn't have any sort of an edge in her voice which I think is an accomplishment).

"The Hiroshima Twins and a Blooming Sunrise."

"I have never heard the name Sunrise, I've never seen the Wings" says the girl. This has me confused, what's that supposed to mean? I think it's time I make myself known. I clear my throat rather loudly. Both of them turn to look at me. The girl I have to admit is breathtaking. Her eyes are a shocking cobalt blue. She is petite, she looks around 5'3, but has a definitely commanding presence. Her lips are slightly thin, while her cheekbones can cut glass. Her brown hair falls pin straight to her collar. She is dressed flawlessly in a fitted red romper which makes her already starling eyes even more startling, and tops off her ensemble with Prada espadrilles, which give her height.

http://images.teamsugar.com/files/users/0/3987/20_2007/Picture%203_1.png

The receptionist motions for me to come in and asks my name. I tell her and both her and the girl freeze. At first I think, yeah I'm the one you were talking about two seconds ago but then I realize that they weren't looking at me, they were looking past me to someone else so I turn around to be confronted by a seriously tall woman around 6'1 with long copper hair and the most amazing, commanding, strong, but motherly aura I have ever felt. She radiates power, control, and strong will. She directs her strong brown gaze at me, and then smiles warmly.

"Miora Grace, I would like you to lead Miss Blooming Sunrise to your shared rooms. While I have a word with Lydiana." Her voice matches her demeanor; strong and powerful, but somewhat soft. I smile at her and excuse myself after Miora.

"Look, I think you're lost." Miora looks at me with her cobalt eyes coldly.

"Oh My gosh, you're right. I'm supposed to be in Marseille Academy. Where am I? I'm so lost." I say, dripping sarcasm. Miora just glares at me and mumbles a 'whatever' which suits me perfectly fine

(though I'm a bit surprised by my outburst. I'm usually too reserved to talk back like that). I don't need a reminder of how lost I feel in this school. I force myself to think about all the good things about my situation. I could probably try to blend in with the wall. I'm brilliant at camouflage. Miora leads me to the supremely clean and spacious elevators where we ignore each other. When the elevator 'bings' signaling that we are now on the K floor we drag our things out and make our way to the suite/dorm that we will be residing in. At the foot of the door we see an envelope with four key cards in it. I take one and hand the envelope to Miora. I open the door by swiping the card over a mini scanner. We both enter and I'm astounded. The walls are a champagne colour while the huge queen sized beds have peach comforters, coral sheet and navy blue pillows. The bed frames are a cool icy blue and the plush carpet is a woody brown. The room is gigantic and as if that's not enough there is a clear glass door which is partially covered by thick silk hunter green curtains. Through the glass I can see outside to an amazing view of the countryside near Paris, France.

"You can take the bed near the balcony, if you want." Miora says unexpectedly. Maybe I was too quick to judge her.

"Okay. Thanks" I reply, wholeheartedly. I hear her mumble 'whatever' again. Just as I'm about to attempt making conversation with her, two flawless twin Asian girls burst into the room. Both are tall and willowy. Waist length caramel locks and coal black eyes that make them even more striking; their faces are so innocent looking, with perpetual smiles on their faces due to their upturned lips.

"Hey Miora! This is fantastic! Tres bien. Wait, who are you?" says one of the twins. The other one looks me up and down and sneers. I try to ignore it and start unpacking some of my things. I'm surprised to hear Miora say:

"Blooming meet Lita and Geisha Hiroshima. Their always bitchy so ignore them. And layoff Blooming, would you." The twins look at me and shrug. I am about to ask how I would be able to tell the difference, to make conversation when I notice that though their eyes are black, Lita has hints of blue in

hers while Geisha has hints of red. Oddly enough they don't seem that bad. Maybe I could try to get along with them, besides school doesn't start for another 5 days. During those 5 days I have to admit I got along with them pretty well. I got used to the twins and their blunt comments and Miora and her weird superiority complex. They got used to my reserved attitude and I think they like me or at the very least they like my clothes.

Chapter Six

It's an early morning and school officially starts in 8 more hours but I'll have to get up in 7 hours. I can't sleep for some reason, I just feel off balance. My ears are pounding with blood, my eyes can't focus and my entire body aches especially my back. Yet I am still aware of everything around me; Miora's subtle snoring and the twins' deep even breaths. The pain is getting sharper and fiercer. My body doesn't ache anymore; it burns, my ears feel incredibly hot and I can't see but I know that my eyes are open. I want to scream but nothing comes out. I even try to move my hands but I can't. I know where I am but at the same

time I don't, I'm lost, confused and in excruciating pain. Then it's gone. I can see everything now, I can feel and hear again, and I fall asleep.

"Wake up!" I hear two voices say in unison.

"School starts in like, an hour." This is Miora. I realize that this is the first time we will be leaving our dorm. None of us have left our room for the last 5 days, while our food was delivered to us, but I did hear the sound of girls moving around whenever I went near the door. I roll towards the edge of my bed and got up. I look around because it's oddly quiet in our room. Miora and the Twins are staring at me.

"What, okay so I don't look that great in the morning. That doesn't mean you have to stare. Well I guess that means you don't mind if I take a shower first then?" I ask in a petulant tone. I mean yeah I'm aware that I don't look like them but they don't have to make me feel even more self-conscious (again I'm surprised by my behavioral change). I grab my Ralph Lauren towel and walk into the bathroom before they make any comments. I slip out of my short green La Perla spaghetti strap night dress. I step into our luxurious

stainless steel and platinum plated shower and let the water soothe my aching muscles. After 10 minutes of letting the water run down my body, I lather my hair with shampoo and realize it feels longer than before. It reaches my elbows. Hold on what the Hell! I just cut it, like three weeks ago. Hair doesn't grow almost 5 inches in three weeks, it's not possible. I quickly rinse out my hair, condition it and get out of the shower in record time. I run to the mirror to make sure I'm not going crazy. I gasp; crap my hair really is longer but it's also shinier, thicker, and healthier looking. I am so busy studying my hair I don't notice until a little later that my grey eyes don't seem as flat or dull anymore. My red lips are more like rubies now and my face shape seem a little more defined, all in all I'm, well, pretty! I'm not shallow or obsessed with my looks but, well when your roommates look like Miora, Lita, and Geisha; it's hard to not be more conscious of the way you look.

"Get out Blu. I need the shower, NOW!" I hear Miora call. I open the door and start walking out.

"Sorry Ora!" Yeah well after the 5 days we get along really well. We even have pet names now. Even the Twins call me Blu instead of Blooming sometimes. It happened pretty fast but I'm not complaining. I have friends I guess, so I'm happy. I walk out and grab some clothes for myself. At 7:50am we are all done. Miora is wearing an oversized yellow V-neck shirt which is slightly tucked into a pair of True Religion dark wash denim shorts, while Lita is wearing her hair in a super messy bun and Marc Jacobs baggy grey Bermudas and a almost shear purple Chloe top, Geisha is in a Lacoste jersey dress, and I'm in coral Rock&Republic skinnies and a fitted off-the-shoulder Anna Sui top in forest green. We all grab our various, totes, backpacks, and messenger bags, and head out. Lita locks our door and we together walk to the elevators while being watched by many of the girls running around in the hall. When we get downstairs there are more girls watching us. Miora walks out and heads automatically stop to watch her. You wonder how in a school where all of the girls are so gorgeous, how could there be an alpha female, but watching Miora I can see how. She has an air of

authority, like she's the hottest and she knows it and the Twin's are the same. I decide it might be best to just walk behind them and try to blend in with the wall, like my original plan, but Geisha grabs my arm and pulls me in between her and Lita.

"Chill, your with us, so you cannot, do you hear me, you cannot blend in, when your with us, which will be always, you can't be a wallflower, got it?" says Geisha

"We all rule this place, including you, starting now. Straighten yourself up and act like you're in total control. We'll fill you in with anything else Blu, just ask." Lita says to me with a smile. I figure their right so I ignore the onlookers and think about the schools amazing art club. I can't wait to check it out. I pop in my ipod and start listening to Plastic Bertrand. I notice a whole bunch of girls wearing the school uniform.

"Don't we start wearing the uniforms after the first week? So why are they wearing the school uniform?" I ask. Miora answers me,

"They're new; I guess no one told them yet. Where are the guys? Usually they come early to try and see the girls in the common room." Right on queue I notice a door open and a group of unbelievably gorgeous guys walk in. One of them waves at us and I notice that he is the same super hot brown eyed boy that winked at me in Coraline's Bakery.

"Hey Salem! Mac, Frederic, Leon, how was your summer?" says Lita

"Hi Lita, Ora, Geisha, and you must be Miss Blooming Sunrise." He says while all the guys are eyeing me. I feel awkward because all eyes are now on me. I look at Miora and she gives me a quick but encouraging nod, so I smile politely at him. The bell then rings, reminding us to make our way to the main building. Salem looks at me again and we all start walking to the school building. Miora and the twins are talking animatedly with all the guys while I'm listening to Covered by Uh Huh Her, thinking about the different colours and shapes that are being formed in my head. I really want to draw and paint right now because I can feel my mind drifting, floating. I'm not

even really aware of all the people surrounding me anymore, all I can see are colours but I can feel the tears at the back of my eyes, the tightening of my throat, the dryness of my mouth, and the pounding of my heart. I can't really ignore these feelings or this emotion that hit me out-of-the-blue but I'm trying, so I force my mind back on my surroundings and I realize that I'm already in a huge hallway.

"We are going to go find our old lockers." says Lita

"Here tell me your locker number I'll help you find it. Oh by the way I'm McCauley, but everyone calls me Mac." Mac happens to be a really cute blonde boy; he stands at about 5'10, which isn't really tall for a guy. His honey blonde hair is cropped in the front and he has a baby face, and amber eyes with gold flecks. He smiles at me and I notice he has a single dimple in his right cheek. I take out my schedule and tell him my locker number which Mac says is really close to the sign up board. I open my locker while Mac waits for me since we have the same class first period; Advanced English Literature. I walk with Mac to the sign up board and write my name under the Art Club

sheet. Mac nodded respectfully while taking my pen out of my hand and signing his and Leon's name under Swimming Team. I copy his nod and we walk to class while he asks me the usual questions; my favorite colour, artists, types of music, etc. We walk into class and heads turn. Lots of girls are batting their eyelashes at Mac but he doesn't seem to notice. He walks me to a seat at the back of the class and we talk a little more until our teacher walks in.

"Hey guys, for anyone that's new I'm Stanton Westcott, anyone who calls me Sir or Mr. will fail. Understood?"

"Yes Sir!" says majority of the class in unison.

"Dudes I'm only 26, I don't need to feel old so seriously guys, I want everyone to call me West! Yeah that's my new name this year. Last year it was Stanton but Mrs. Riel; the Principal told me it doesn't show that you guys respect me. Now you all must call me West!" He says this with mock seriousness. The entire class is smiling now. I'm going to like this teacher; he's cool without trying too hard. The class went by at warp speed because it was so much fun,

West is really animated and he gets everyone involved. The bell rings and the class gives a collective groan because, well, the lesson was just that great. Mac leads me out and we meet up with Salem who also happens to me in my next class; Philosophy.

"So did you like West? Hold on, that's his name this year right?" says a slightly confused but smiling Salem. I laugh softly and reply.

"How many names has he had? Oh and yeah I like his class."

"Apparently he uses a new name every year. I know it's stupid, but it's what makes him the 'cool' teacher. Those are his words not mine. Yeah West had a rather inflated ego." I laugh some more at Salem's remark. He's easy to get along with. Mac joins me in the laughter. We walk into class and again all eyes are on us, and yes the girls are all batting their lashes again, this time at both Mac and Salem as we take seats at the back of class. Our teacher is a really pretty female with a platinum blond pixie cut, grey-green cat eyes and lush pink lips. I swear I am the

ugliest person in this school; it's not natural that everyone is so beautiful.

"'What are mythical, unnatural, and unreal? What is possible and impossible, and what makes it so?' I'm Miss Camdien. I would like you all to state your opinions on what I have just said."

"Mythical combines both unnatural and unreal, while each word itself remains separate. Though the words unnatural and unreal contradict human beings for none of them really know what reality is and what is natural. It's different for each individual so frankly speaking both words are pointless and for lack of a better word stupid, right? They have no distinctive value. Humans use these words to describe what they do not understand ergo the word Mythical." I hear a smooth melodic but masculine voice say. There is intensity in the voice and in the words that imprint them directly into your mind, I wonder who he is. I feel the need to speak and cover the next part of the question that Miss Camdien asked 'What is possible and impossible, and what

makes it so?' before I can talk myself out of it my voice comes out without my consent.

"Without knowing an individuals personal limit, the words possible and impossible have no value. There isn't a single individual who is aware of their limit, or another's for that matter. Nothing makes an impossible and a possible, actually I retract that statement, we make our own possible as much as we make our own impossible because we do not know what our limit is. The words hold no merit because they have no fundamental constitution." Hold on, did I just say that? Crap! I can feel everyone staring at me.

Leon's POV

Her voice was so soft and slightly husky just now. It sounded incredibly intense and hypnotic. There was so much power in it. She'll be a force to be reckoned with when she wakes up.

'Mac I want her to wake up already, I want to see.' I tell Mac through my telepathy.

'Me too, I can already feel the power emanating from her.' I can feel Salem's slight jealousy. I guess I'm not the only one that's getting drawn in to her. But none of us can have her.

Chapter Seven

Blooming's POV

I try my best to ignore the weird looks I get throughout the rest of class. When the bell rings I'm relieved. I then turn to Leon.

"So are we eating lunch together?" I ask as confidently as I can. I think I see Leon shiver before he answers me.

"Yeah, we'll show you our table. You'll sit with me I hope?" Leon winks at me with widely innocent looking different coloured doe eyes. One eye is a muddy green while the other is the colour of rust and butterscotch mixed together. He has a perfect ski jump nose while his lips are the same colour as mine, ruby-red. His skin is tanned which makes his silver blond hair pop. He's tall, around 6'1 and well built, he has a swimmers body, similar to Mac. We walk to

the lunchroom and grab our food from the mini buffet. I decide to sit beside Leon.

Frederic's POV

I feel a little disappointed when Blooming sits beside Leon. I'm so stupid, it doesn't matter none of us can get her anyway. She is so unaware of her power; I can feel it coming off her.

"So Blooming I heard you signed up for Art Club. Does that mean you'll be interested in joining the Student Art board?" I ask a little nervously. If she joins and gets accepted, she'll be forced to wake up. It'll probably be even more painful.

"I didn't really consider the Board, but I'm pretty stoked to join the club. I think the art and creativity is what drew me in to the school to be honest. So I might consider the Board, but later." Damn her voice is perfectly pitched; soft, subtle, and lightly husky. When the rest of the girls come and sit down, Blooming is visibly relieved.

Miora's POV

"Hey Blu!" Lita and Geisha say in unison, again. Damn they need to stop that. I've known them for like two years and they still have not let up on their whole, saying-things-together motto. I focus my attention on Frederic Callahan; the boy is sexy, mixed with South African and Hungarian blood, he has the rich brown skin and wide sensual mouth of his South African mother and the evergreen eyes and proud nose of his Hungarian father. He is our schools male track star and he has one of the top Wings. Apparently his family is hiding him away because there have been threats made on his life, but then again he is royalty, in fact most of us are either royalty or incredibly wealthy. I turn my eyes to allow them to feast on the delectable Salem Zeek, the boy has pheromones coming out his pores, but I notice that all of them are looking at Blu. Well, well, well, I wonder if she realizes her pull. Okay she is so clearly human right now and not even close to pretty, at least by our standards. I guess humans might think her to be a little pretty, but I mean she's practically ugly here. I like her though; she has a sense of power and strength about her. Her voice is a little hypnotic.

She's definitely one of us, but not the strongest. I wonder who'll tell her because for all her smarts she's pretty oblivious to just how odd everyone here is, we don't seem natural to humans.

"You've got dressing on your face Salem." I hear Blu's voice.

Salem's POV

"Where?" I ask Blooming while I purposely spread a little more on my chin with a smile on my face. I can feel Leon's jealousy.

'You can't have her.' Leon tells me in my head and I roll my eyes.

'I know' I reply.

"It's on your chin and you clearly put it there on purpose" Blooming says with a small smile playing at the corners of her lips, while I see Mac glaring at me through my peripheral vision. Sue me; I can flirt with her if I want to at least.

"Well I can't see it so can you get it off for me?" I ask Blooming as innocently as I can. She laughs and leans

forward with a wetted napkin. I feel a buzz as her hand grazes my skin behind the thin napkin. When she finishes she lightly throws the napkin in my face.

"I never thought that you were such a baby" I can see Mac hiding a smile while the tension coming from Leon has dissipated.

Chapter Eight

Time in Marse, yeah apparently that's what everyone calls Marseille, goes by really fast. The beginning of November marks our artistic term. During November the entire school especially the Art club is seriously busy. Our school president is Babel Angelo, he also happens to be the president of the Art Board and the Art Club. Funny things is, while everyone is always talking about him I still haven't seen him yet but there are rumors that he is finally coming to the school after an extended family trip around the world. I don't really care about his exclusive student body president title, but I do want to see who painted the astonishing picture of a pair of majestic velvet charcoal grey wings with subtle hints of indigo and coral in its creamy pelts, that adorns the wall

opposing the entrance of the schools 45 feet high main hall.

"Oh My gosh! He's here!" I hear a couple of girls squealing. I roll my eyes just a little. Who could possibly top Salem, Leon, Frederic, and Mac? The guys already put Adonis to shame. The girls and I get on the elevator and head downstairs to the common room. We are all dressed casually since today is a weekend, but we are also helping out with various parts of the school, to get ready for the annual "Winging it!" party/dance. Miora says it's supposed to be funny, like a pun but I just don't really get it. I'm not stupid I've already figured out that there's more to Marse than meets the proverbial eye, but I can't bring myself to think about it. I get a weird feeling every time I start thinking about the mysteries of the school, my head starts blocking out the information, it can't put anything together, do I stopped trying a while ago. I haven't felt the weird sensations in a really long time, and I think the pain is completely gone; my body doesn't ache at all now. We get to the common room and I say bye to Miora, Lita, and Geisha since we are all doing something different;

Ora's in student council so she works with the freshmen, well basically she bosses them around, Lita is making the play list for the party, and Geisha is figuring out the dress code of the party/dance and ordering the food for the entire school. I make my way to the Art room. I'm helping the student council with the artwork for the party/dance. We're making huge wings that take a lot of time and effort. The wings span about 6 feet and are almost equally tall, but I like to come early to do the sketches and paint some of my own things before I start the actual work. I walk into the art room and breathe in the familiar and comforting scent of oil paint. I can already see the colours swarming in my head. I pop in my ipod and start listening to Santogold songs, singing the lyrics to Shove it. I walk over to a satchel that was holding up a blank canvas and start sketching a random picture. I've been so confused for almost the entire time that I have been here, so I'm trying to put that on to the canvas, I guess if I'm able to put my feelings down then I might be able to remove the confusion from my mind. All of a sudden I'm picking colours and applying them to the canvas, when I

realize that I'm in this weird trance like state, I can't help the feeling though, I have no idea what I'm doing anymore, my hands are moving, I can say that it doesn't feel like my hands but it does, I'm still in my body, it's still me that's painting but at the same time, I'm lost, I'm lost in my own head; my body, my soul, my everything. I feel a heart beating, I feel warmth all pressed along the top half of my back, and then I feel a warm breath on my neck. A slightly rough but powerful large masculine hand envelopes my own smaller hand, the hand moves in rhythm with my brush strokes, guiding my own hand, taking over for me. I turn around and my smokey grey eyes lock with intense turquoise eyes, shrouded by long chestnut lashes.

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Helooo! This is my first story on Wattpad, the only other thing I've written is a poem. I would really appreciate any comments on my story. I hope it doesn't seem slow. I'm an avid reader so I like feeling like I'm reading a book while writting. Lots of people

rush their stories on Wattpad. I hope you guys like this and find it at the least, refreshing.

Chapter 2

Marvelous Things Part 2

(I turn around and my smokey grey eyes lock with intense turquoise eyes, shrouded by long chestnut lashes.) Recap

***

I felt a sharp pain invade the sides of my back and I jumped up on instinct letting out a soft cry in the process.

"You okay? I can see that the change must be hard" said a deep strong voice that sounded so overwhelmingly intense. I froze; I have heard that voice before but I can't find where from. My back is still aching now though the sharp pain is gone. I take

a good look at the cause of my confusion and I'm paralyzed by a strong wave of emotion, like I've seen him before, and I've cared for him before. My heart rate goes up and I feel like my heart is trying to beat out of my chest. His turquoise eyes seem to captivate me, standing at a flawless 6'3 with slightly tan skin and luxurious chestnut brown hair that fell in soft rich waves to the end of his ears, I can tell I'm swooning. His peach lips enchant me and I can't help but follow the movement of them as he speaks, they look as though he is saying my name in a repetitive chant. His eyes draw me back and I notice that they are following the movement of my own lips when I ask him who he is.

"I'm Babel Angelo and you must be Blooming?" as if my heart couldn't beat any faster, my breathing accelerates.

"Yeah, but where did you come from? I didn't see you when I came in?" I'm surprised by the sound of my voice, my breathing doesn't sound labored at all. The slightly husky timbre of my voice shakes me a bit, I

feel like I'm hearing my voice with new ears. He smiles slightly at me then proceeds to explain.

"I was in the connecting room and I came to check in here to see how the wings I made are drying up. Does that satisfy you?" I can tell that there is a double meaning behind his last question. It's pretty damn obvious why girls all over Marse are always talking about him. He is exceptionally well built, the kind of broad shoulders that guarantee a perfectly sculpted body; pure masculinity, without being overly built. He oozes sensuality and grace and it's impossible to not want him; he really does seem to put Mac and the guys to shame. I feel the urge to kiss him, an aching need to be in his arms for some weird reason. I know that he is seriously magnetic but I've never been so horribly drawn to a guy before, especially one that I know is way beyond my reach. So why do I feel like this?

Chapter Nine

Babel brightens the lights and studies my work. I notice his hands are coated in green paint that has dried. I guess that's why his hands felt rough. He

makes his way over to the sink and starts washing his hands, all the while his eyes are roaming over me, they stop at my hands. Babel leaves the tap on while he walks up to me and pulls my own hands back to the sink with him.

"What are you doing?" I ask in a whisper-like soft voice, then he motions to my hands and I can see green paint on the backs of my hands. He starts washing my hands for me, during which time I find myself almost hypnotized by the combined feeling of my hands in his and how well our long fingers look intertwined with each other. I lift my eyes to his and I'm slightly surprised to find them studying our hands as well. His eyes finally meet mine and he turns the water off. He pulls a towel out and wipes both our hands. I still don't understand why my hands in his feel so natural, like they belong together. But I'm lost in his eyes again and before I know it I can feel his breath intermingling with mine, his lips are so close. And then their on mine. My heart is beating erratically as his spicy, herbal scent envelopes my senses. His lips feel so soft on mine, like he's taking his time, but then the kiss becomes

more passionate and I'm shocked because I'm the one that's deepening it. I'm in a trance again; I can't let go of him. My arms are around his neck and his are around my waist. The passion I feel is being reciprocated. I feel my back hit the wall and Babel's lips leave mine to give me room to breath but I grasp at him after a quick breath and his passion is fierce. The slight throbbing in my back is now noticeable. I feel as though something is trying to make its way out of my back but I feel no pain. Then Babel's lips are off mine and the throbbing becomes an excruciating pain. I feel myself starting to fall but a pair of strong arms catches me.

"Breathe, Blooming, I know this is probably more painful than all the other times, but just breathe I'll help you through it." How does he know? I feel as though a whole bunch of information is rushing to my brain at once, and my body can't handle it. My eyelids feel heavy and I'm knocked out.

Miora's POV

I walk into our suite and I'm pleasantly surprised by the appearance of the hottest boy in our school and

most likely in all the worlds; Babel Angelo. Then I realize he is perched over Blu's bed. Then he leans in to kiss her?!!! Hold on, since when did Babel know Blu? Since when did Babel kiss Blu?

"What the hell Babel!" I yell. Babel turns around to look at me. He is partly in his true form now; his pupils are a solid turquoise with no black or white space. Damn he is beautiful, not to mention talented. His Angelo blood makes him the best of everything. Calliope Angelo was originally the captain of the first line of defense for the royal family of Marseille in the early 1200's. He was undefeatable and the kingdom of Marseille flourished under him. The king was also a very capable man, but he had no heirs; his first wife died during childbirth and his baby boy was kidnapped, a year later his supposed body was found. As the king was approaching old age many were fearful that his lineage would die with him. One day the king stumbled upon Calliope as he rose from the lake he was swimming in naked. The pinkish-tan birthmark of a wing nestled at the corner of his hip bone. On that fateful day Calliope Angelo, who was originally an orphan whom had proved himself

deserving of the Kings wife's maiden name "Angelo" was declared the Prince on Marseille. From then on the Angelo name has been associated with all the dimensions most beautiful men and women. The men and women are the most capable strongest fighters with enticing physical features. Having the youngest prince and fourth heir to the throne of Marseilles is an honor to the school.

I thought that Babel already has a girl lined up for him. Every male and female in the family have marriages arranged for them because their soul mates are found the moment their change begins. Babel cannot be tied to Blooming; it's not possible because Sunrise is not a name known by anyone. I've never heard the name before so it cannot be a legacy.

"Go get Madame Riel, she's changing use the Staff, she's incredibly powerful. NOW!" I run out, my legs moving at an inhuman speed. I jump off the balcony of our suite and let my wings free. Our school is protected by a force field and at the top of it there is a staff in which when pressed is a powerful alarm. I fly

to the staff letting my cobalt blue wings guide me there. I hover above it and place my hand on it.

"Madame Riel, an Angelo calls. A change has begun; Blooming Sunrise." My voice is magnified to all the fey; the entire school. I quickly fly back to the room to find Madame Riel; our principal holding down Blu. The Amazonian woman seems as if she is struggling. Her copper hair has been braided in a Grecian style. As Madame Riel struggles with Blu's power; I can feel it, radiating off her in waves of earth shattering tsunamis. I feel as though I might suffocate under her power, which is not natural, where is this power coming from? Blu shouldn't be so strong. At that moment the door is opened and Lita and Geisha come in.

Frederic's POV

I could feel it even before the announcement was made. This is serious. Her power runs through the schools walls; the grounds, my body, and I can tell that I'm not the only one. The entire fey are surprised, some are even scared. The fact that even Babel can't control her but only hold back enough of

her power so that it does not cause physical pain means that Blu is a legacy, but I've never heard of Sunrise. She's one of a kind then, her wings will determine who and what she is. Maybe she's a fey with gems.

Blooming's POV

I can feel it again, the pain. My back, my bones, my muscles, everything. My eyes are burning and I can't see but I know their open. My body feels like lead, I can't move at all. The blood is rushing through my ears deafening me but I can still hear. I can't speak, my voice dies in my throat before I utter a sound. But I feel the ground beneath me shaking, or is that just my body. I feel tears slide down my cheeks. I hurt so badly and I can't do a single thing about it.

"Oh My Gosh she's changing?" I'm hearing Lita and Geisha's voices and the constant tapping of Miora's dainty foot, confusing me and changing the direction of my energy, I can feel myself getting tense and I'm finding it harder to hold the pain and not direct it elsewhere.

"Would you guys all leave!" as if Babel already knows how I feel. I hear the shuffling of feet and soon the door closes.

"Blooming breathe." Doing what he tells me. I will my voice to return. The breathing allows me to find my voice.

"What's happening to me" I thought I would sound hysterical but instead my voice comes out calm. As if I'm having an intense conversation and not like my insides are burning.

"Wake up and open your eyes soon Miss Sunrise." I hear the voice of the principal Madame Riel, the same woman I met at the reception area on my first day.

"When she wakes up she'll be confused, she must be handled rather delicately. She's strong, but I think she can control herself. The ground has already stopped shaking. She's aware of her strength and when she wakes she will be your true match Prince Babel Raphaelite Angelo." The voice of the driver of the coach bus that brought me here rings solemn and

true and Babel's full name strikes a cord in me that slowly warms my heart and cools my blood.

My pain has subsided and my body feels as if it's been rejuvenated.

Chapter Ten

Salem's POV

Three weeks have gone by and the Wise One has not said a thing about Blu's change. The Council of the Wise assigned a Wise woman to Marseille; she often masquerades as the coach bus driver at the beginning of the year and does odd jobs for the academy; Lucia, changing from an old lady to a young woman. Since the start of Blu's change the school has been eerily quiet. Babel doesn't even talk anymore; though he's not much of a talker anyway and the entire academy is in a weird state. The shock that we all received from Blu's powers has left most of us both shaken and excited, but mostly excited. Seems as though everyone has become attached to Blu without realizing it and her absence makes them all a bit apprehensive. I've started to want what I can't have; I want Blooming Sunrise.

Miora's POV

"Blooming's awake now." I hear the voice of Babel Angelo; sexy, strong, masculine, beautiful, Babel Angelo. Just his voice alone makes me crazy, and I'm not the only one but every girl learns that when it comes to an Angelo, they do not get involved unless they are strong enough to take on the wrath of their mates. But with Babel nobody knows who his mate is, there are rumors that he has no mate, his match cannot be found; why else would the name of his mate remain hidden if he had one. His kiss with Blooming just proved that, he has no mate because Blu cannot be his, no matter how strong she is; I won't accept it. I was so caught up in my thoughts I forgot Babel's words but now I realize what he said.

"Can we go see her yet or does Lucia still advise against it?" I say with a slight tilt to my head and softening of my voice. I obviously like Blu, but I am a better match for Babel Angelo. Grace is an incredible legacy and besides Ekle Grace was the ultimate love match to Calliope Angelo.

"I don't care much for what Lucia says, regardless of whether she is a Wise Elder or not. I want to see Blooming now and I'll do what I please. I've lost patience and Lucia knows that. From what I understand you are friends, would you like to come see her with me?" I nod eagerly as we walk out through the empty common room with everyone looking at us when we make our way through the hallways with every girl looking at me enviously.

Blooming's POV

I wake up to the acute feeling of relief. My body has lost its tension and my blood has cooled. I stretch my legs and arms; reveling in the feeling of being able to move and control the actions of my body. I open my eyes and absorb the sights and the crisp late November air. I'm in an incredibly large room with wide windows furbished with lush golden satin drapes; the walls are in a warm shade of chocolate brown while the carpet is a spotless fluffy white. I redirect my gaze to where the fresh air is coming from. Two glass French doors leading to an expansive balcony are open.

"Blu! Are you feeling better now?" Miora runs into the room with concern etched on every line of her face, though it feels a little exaggerated but not fake.

"I'm fine Ora, in fact I feel much better now than I did be...." I trail off.

"What happened to you? You don't look like yourself...what the hell happened to you?" Miora keeps staring at me.

"What do you mean Ora? Nothing...actually, obviously something happened to me, why else would I have fainted and stayed asleep for so long."

"Three weeks. That's how long you've been out of it. Three weeks." I hear the unmistakable voice of Babel Angelo ring through my ears. I register his words the moment they leave his beautiful lips and I'm astounded.

"How the hell could I have slept for three weeks? Three weeks! That's not even humanly possible." Then recognition dons on me and I feel horribly stupid.

"What exactly am I? And what are you?" I ask as calmly as I can manage.

"Miora, could you take Blooming back to your suite? She needs to relax for a while and come meet me once she's in and settled. I need to talk to you." And those are the final words given by Babel Angelo before he leaves.

"Come on Blu!" Miora stealthily grabs my arm and pulls me towards the direction of the door. As we enter the elevator, I repeatedly ask Ora to explain what's happened to me, but she avoids the question by asking me what I think of Babel Angelo; I never answer because I don't know. We get out of the elevator and enter our suite where Lita and Geisha greet me with looks of relief followed by an ambush of hugs.

"Who are you Blu? Where are you from and what's family are you from?" says a slightly awestruck Lita while Geisha is still hugging me.

"Babel says Blu needs to relax and get settled, Oh and we need to be ready at seven for dinner. I have to go I'm meeting Babel." Miora says while winking. Once

she leaves, I turn to the twins and ask them why we need to get ready for dinner if we're having eating in our suite again. Lita tells me that we're having dinner as a school but it's not a very special thing, it happens every month from November until school ends.

"We already had our showers, so why don't you have a nice long relaxing bath and take a good long look at yourself in the mirror beautiful." Geisha looks at me intensely as if studying and cataloging me, I feel a little uncomfortable so I run into the bathroom and take that nice long relaxing bath that Geisha was talking about. I walk out of the bathing area and move on to brush my teeth I catch sight of myself in the mirror and I freeze. What. The. Hell!

Miora's POV

How could she not notice the way he was staring at her. When Babel was talking he couldn't keep his eyes off her, roaming all over her body, especially since the nightdress that she was wearing; which I'm guessing was Lita's idea since she's obsessed with nightwear, showed her body off well without looking

trashy. I can't believe she's actually that pretty now; I mean she's practically as gorgeous as me, I refuse to accept that she's any prettier. Babel looked as though he was about to jump her right then and there! What the hell? But it doesn't matter when I'm the one he calls to see alone, does it? Of course he must want me. I see Babel in the deserted side of the hall and I walk up to him.

"So what did you want to talk about?" I ask as sexily as I can, my voice dropping lower in pitch and a quirk of my brow to get my message across. He doesn't bother to reply instead he looks into space with a smoldering look in his eyes and I can't help but place a smoldering kiss on his deliciously peachy lips. I see stars; damn his lips are so soft. My fingers implant themselves into his butter soft rich chestnut hair, massaging his scalp, playing with his hair, begging him to deepen the kiss but he doesn't. I pull him in to deepen our kiss; finally satisfied when he put his perfect hands on my slight hips. But I begin to feel him withdraw, desperately I try to pull him back into the kiss but he pushes me away carefully but surely; with a secure grip on my hips he looks at me.

"Damn, that was stupid. That wasn't what I was planning at all though I still have Blooming on the brain." Cold realization hits me; he wants Blu. I see red.

"Blooming's my mate but she hasn't fully changed yet. Lucia says she is still almost 47% human. Blooming is a very strong fey but until she has fully changed Lucia has sent for more royal guards. I need you to know what's going on so that you can relay information to Lucia. Understood?" Babel delivered in his signature blasé tone. He waits until I nod before he leaves with a sheepish smile and a few parting words.

"Sorry, I can't like you nor do I know how to. My mate." His last two words in particular get me incredibly pissed off.

Chapter Eleven

Frederic's POV

I walk into the Cafeteria which has been transformed into a dinning hall with Mac, Salem, Leo, and Babel. Naturally we walk directly to our table. Our tables

are wooden brown squares but surrounding each is one circular navy blue couch; the cushion is soft; plush but sturdy. Leo leads us to the corner table; where we take our spots. We leave space for everyone else to join. Soon Julien Marquis, a friend of ours joins the table. But for the most part I find myself looking for Blu. I just want to see her. Babel already told us that she was coming to the dinner, because she's awake but I'm impatiently waiting for her arrival.

Geisha's POV

"Hurry Lita! Blu's already done but you're wasting so much time." I'm dressed and ready for dinner in lacy D&G tank in maroon, a pair of classic teal straight leg pants by Tom Ford and DSquared moccasins. Lita comes out in slouchy GAP boyfriend khakis, beaten black and white Converse low tops and an of-the-shoulder loosely fitted graphic multicolour Andy Warhol T. Blu as always wears casual and effortless to perfection; a homemade (I was there when she destroyed the clean well cut straight leg Seven's) battered pair of light wash denim tucked into equally

battered cream high top Chuck Taylor's and a hugely oversized orange cashmere sweater from Marc Jacobs. I hear the door open, and in comes Miora in her spandex black tights from American Apparel, knee high moccasins and long grey silk Chanel blouse, which looks like a mini dress on her tiny frame.

"Can we fuckin' leave now?" Damn, Ora's pissed! I wonder what happened between her and Babel Angelo; he probably refused her advances, which admittedly has only happened to Ora once and her behavior to the rejection is the same as now. I've learned to just do what she says when she's pissed or else all hell breaks loose. I tell all the girls that we're leaving and I can't help but notice the piercing look Ora gives Blu as we reach the door to the dinning hall, Oh Merde! Maybe Babel Angelo likes Blu?

Leon's POV

I'm getting more impatient waiting for Blooming to come...ah there they are! Practically the entire school shuts up as Miora makes her way in gracefully as

always and followed by her are Lita and Geisha...okay, but where's Blu?

Babel's POV

"She's behind the door tying a lace." The relief amongst the guys is palpable when I explain. I can feel how nervous she is, how awkward she still feels because she knows all eyes will be on her. I smile silently understanding that Blooming is prolonging the tying of her laces so that she doesn't have to come in. I rise; jumping over the mini dinning booth-like seating arrangement, walk stealthily out the door to see Blooming kneeling to tie her shoes.

"How long are you planning on tying those for?" she looked up at the sound of my voice and sheepishly smiled at me, forcing my eyes to take in every detail of her perfect face. Her lips are now almost the robust sensual colour of red that forced many to sin, her eyes more smokey and mysterious with thicker fuller lashes than ever before, face more sculpted and defined and body... I let my eyes roam and before I know it I've pulled Blooming against the wall and parting her seductive red lips with mine. My body is

pressed all along the lines of her softer feminine one. I felt nothing for Miora but every part of me; heart, mind, body, and soul respond intensely strongly to Blooming, everything about her calls to me.

Blooming's POV

He's kissing me again. Mon Dieu! His soft lips have got me hypnotized once more. Our hearts beat rhythmically together; my surroundings disappear and all I can see is Babel Angelo. I wrap my arms around his neck while running my fingers through his soft chestnut hair; he slides his arms around my waist letting me down in the process. I'm no longer pinned to the wall as we kiss; I bite his bottom lip softly and he lets out a subtle guttural moan. I don't want the kiss to end but it has to; I feel reality settle in as someone clears their throat. I jump away, hitting the wall in the process. I look over to where the throat clearing sound came from to see a very pretty young woman in a bubble-gum pink baby tee and classic boot cut light wash denim jeans. She has a petite frame and big round hazel eyes, high cheek-bones, and subtle red lips in a perfect bow shape and

she looks exactly like the younger version of the driver of the coach bus I came here with.

"You two should be inside by now, the dinner will be starting soon." says the woman with a wide grin on her face.

"Thanks Lucia" Babel replies in an annoyed tone, though as he turns around I catch a smile forming from the corner of his lip. I blush hotly, good thing no one can really see. Babel, Lucia and I make our way through the doors. I feel Babel grab my hand to comfort me and I can't help but smile up at him for the gesture.

Babel's POV

All eyes are on Blooming when we walk in and everyone takes note of our hands. She must have noticed because Blooming swiftly pulls her hand from mine and I can't help but feel disappointment crash down on me. Well it's not like we're together considering the fact that she barely knows me, yet I've forced two kisses on her already and I've kissed her while she was unconscious during her change sleep. I walk her to our table and I'm not really

surprised to find the guys shifting around to make room, it seems as though while I was gone our table became full; though my vacated space beside Salem is still empty waiting for me to reclaim it, but there isn't any space for Blooming to sit.

"Looks like someone will have to double up." is Leo's sly remark.

"Yep, I think you'll have to sit on someone's lap Blu." Salem's statement is loaded; he really means that she'll have to sit on HIS lap. He can't be serious; expecting her to sit on his lap is ludicrous, right? I look at Blooming to find her giggling lightly, her giggles are really charming, and they make you feel like smiling.

"So what, are you going to sit down or not?" Salem says with a not-so-subtle grin. I slide into my seat and look up at her, waiting. Blooming rolls her eyes and actually sits down on Salem's lap. I find myself silently fuming, I'm enraged, but I do nothing. Miora's happy I can see, while Salem feels victorious.

"How are you feeling now?" asks Julien, he's the only one of my friends that is not currently as fascinated

by Blooming. She bends over and leans her elbows on the table contemplating.

"I honestly just feel off. Off balance, off. Like I'm still missing something, but it's no big deal; at least I don't feel like I'm about to combust any time soon anymore" the table is silent for a very short very awkward moment, because we all felt it when she was changing. The rest of the room feels our mood and they get silent.

"Well then, how would you like to retrieve what you say you're missing, pretty Miss Blooming Sunrise?" Lucia says out of no where she appears whispering the words in Blooming's ear all the while knowing that I can hear it too.

Blooming's POV

Lucia proceeds to dart around the table picking up enough speed to become invisible to my eyes. I hear her voice whisper to me "Concentrate" and I do. My eyes focus and I can see everything clearer than I ever could before. My eyes follow her sharp movements, one moment she's behind the round sofa we are all sitting on, and then she's at the front of the

majestic dinning hall, five times wider than the average ballroom and almost as tall as the schools main hall. She keeps darting around the room at impossible speeds, soon she starts throwing things from all directions at different people, not a single person missed a beat; all of them catch whatever she throws at them. Soon enough I find myself tapping my fingers to her speed, I try to stop, and I try to make my fingers stop moving but I can't it's like someone else is moving them for me. I'm in a trance again, it's starting to feel like I'm always in a trance, and I can see all her movements before she acts them out, as if someone is fast forwarding her actions. Her leg comes aggressively at my face but my hand is already out and waiting for her foot. The corners of my eyes start burning and the burn is progressing. The sides of my back start burning and soon they feel as though the skin is ripping apart to make room for something else, what feels like sharp objects are trying to protrude from my back. I can't cry out, and the pain just keeps escalating. Soon enough I feel warm liquid come out of my back proceeding to soak my sweater. I hear silence, then the words "Wake up"

by Lucia followed by Babel's voice giving commands; his voice is booming, loud, in control, dominating and horribly strong.

"You can't force it Lucia! It's unnatural. And Miora stop that pathetically stupid finger hex of yours now; she can get seriously hurt." Is that why I can't make my fingers stop tapping? I'm using too much energy to keep it going; energy I don't have. My fingers stop moving finally but the liquid that's coming out from my back hasn't receded.

Lita's POV

Her eyes are turning a solid smokey charcoal grey; she no longer has pupils or any whites in her eyes, her lips are the colour of vibrant red blood. Her face is becoming even more defined; she's become more hauntingly beautiful than ever before; the kind of beauty that trumps any other and her skin is milky white, the contrast is startling. She puts us all to shame. Babel wraps his cardigan around Blu, lifting her up; removing her from Salem's startled form. A very pissed off Babel carries her away from the table towards the exit of the dinning hall.

Chapter Twelve

Babel's POV

I'm livid, how the hell could they try to force her awake like that? Don't they realize how excruciatingly painful an awakening like that is. I could feel her pain at the moment and I still can; and they are so lucky that she can handle it otherwise Marse would have been destroyed. Lucia should know better.

"Try to relax Blooming, please. Everything's going to be fine." I whisper in her ear. I set Blooming down on the bed of our infirmary room, kissing her tenderly in the process. Lucia comes in with Madame Riel and I turn around as they start undressing Blooming. I decide that I should leave but Lucia tells me to stay.

"It's not like we're going to strip her naked in front of you, Damn immature, hormonal, male." Lucia mumbles the last part. They turn a now partially topless Blooming over to look at her back and two gasp are simultaneously expelled by Lucia and Madame Riel. Blooming's back has been split and out of those two splits come a row or clear crystals, no

not crystals. I move in closer to inspect them and I realize that they're diamonds. I walk into the bathroom and pour warm water in a bowl and tossing in a fresh cloth. I walk back out and start wiping while Lucia speaks.

"The beginnings of her wings have diamond droplets. She has gems; Merde! The last of us to have gems on record died four centuries ago."

"She can't possibly be an offspring of Delrina. Lucia can't you check?" Madame Riel asks, but she doesn't have to because I can feel it; Blooming has no relation to Delrina. Delrina was one of the three fey ever on record to have gems on their wings, these gems granted them powers that could not be harnessed nor duplicated by any other, but they were all of the bloodline. Blooming has no tie to them whatsoever.

"No, she's of no relation. Delrina and all her relatives had Lapis on their wings or Jade and nothing else. Blooming is not connected to any of them. Let us go, young Prince Angelo should be able to take care of

her." Lucia says. After these words Lucia and Madame Riel make their way to the door.

"What do you expect me to do Lucia?" I ask but I already know, I'm just trying to avoid doing it. Lucia just winks at me, telling me to do what comes naturally.

"Yes I'm actually going to allow you to let your hormones control you for a little bit, but be sensible, young Prince." Lucia's voice is coated with humor, she's laughing at me, at my slightly awkward predicament. They exit the room. I keep wiping her back with the warm cloth for a while, when the water cools I go back downstairs to collect food from the kitchen; I wonder how long it will be before Blooming realizes she hasn't eaten for three weeks straight; fey don't need human food that often, once a month and we're still perfectly fine as long as we feed on food from the fey dimension twice a week; that was what our big dinner tonight was for. When I'm back upstairs I go into the bathroom and replace the cool water with warm water again. As I'm filling the bowl I feel a warm pair of female arms encircle

my waist. I turn around to face Blooming in the spacious bathroom. Her eyes are still in fey form; solid colour.

"What's wrong with me Babel?" Blooming looks horribly fragile and scared and her voice is even huskier from fatigue. I could feel her hot skin against mine; I find myself overwhelmed with passion because I had discarded my bloodied shirt upon my return from the kitchen and considering the fact that Blooming is now completely topless, with only her hair protecting her modesty. I can feel a slight burn in my eyes and I know that they are turning into a solid turquoise but I'm fighting the need to take my fey form. I kiss her softly and feel her soft moan. She pulls away from me though, eyes wide as she sees her back from the reflecting mirror. The entire bathroom is coated in mirrors. I touch her back, slowly tracing the diamond studded bumps, her wings try coming out even more, and she lets out a painful moan. I can no longer control my fey. I can see that my eyes are a solid turquoise now, our shirtless bodies tangle in an impassioned kiss. Her fingers in my hair and my hands running all along

her bear back. Turning her over so that I have clear access to her back I trail soft kisses down either sides of her back licking away her sweet blood in the process; the fey only drink the blood of their mate, it sustains us better than fey food can, but it's not something we make a habit of, it's intimate and runs far deeper than the connection of bodies or kisses. Blooming's husky moans force me to take possession of her vibrantly bloody red lips once more. Our bodies together looking suspiciously like an ad for designer denims as I looked at the mirror. This is how things should be between us; with her waking up we can be together, like we're supposed to be. Again Blooming pulls away from me.

"The pain is gone Babel?" her voice carries through my blood and she smiles and pulls my lips down to hers again. I lift her up and walk her to the bedroom again to grab the food I had brought, giving me a chance to clear my head.

"I bet you haven't realized that you've only eaten once three weeks before today." I say with a smile. Blooming looks surprised but still smiles back at me.

"But I'm still not really hungry, but I'm becoming more and more aware of the fact that my hair is the only thing that's preventing your eyes from a full frontal view of mon seines." She's obviously now aware of her state of dress or rather under-dress. I grab her hand and the tray of food in either hand, I close my eyes and picture my room and when I open them we're there. I walk her through the room to my closet; it is rather large for the average guy but most of my clothes are just different types of shirts and jeans, some sweater or jackets sent to me by my parents or siblings especially my sisters or designers that like my family. Not that big a deal but if Blooming's "Wow" and giggle is anything to go by maybe it is a little on the extravagant side; it's not my fault.

"You can take a shower then help yourself to whatever you want."

"Thank you Calliope." Blooming says, I freeze in my spot.

Chapter 3

Marvelous Things Part 3

Chapter Thirteen

Miora's POV

A week till the school dance and I'm fuming. Blu never came back to dinner and neither did Babel, instead Lucia came back announcing that Blooming needed time to recuperate; apparently her wings were causing a lot of trouble for her as they tried to come out. I hated it when he yelled at me, okay so I was being immature with that hex, but it's not like it would have killed Blu, I was just mad but he didn't have to get so mad about it or her for that matter. Grudgingly I admit that she is...very pretty, but it

shouldn't matter. Babel has Calliope's turquoise eyes; he is the only Angelo to ever have Calliope's eyes, shouldn't that mean something. If Calliope only ever loved Ekle Grace, shouldn't Babel only ever love Miora Grace? Blu hasn't even been in our suite since the dinner and that was only three days ago and the Twins are moping about always talking about her, asking Lucia if Blu was alright. It's not like I don't care but it feels like Blooming Sunrise is the only person anyone talks about in Marse anymore; it's no wonder why I'm so annoyed. It's 6am on Monday, and I still have an hour till I have to get up but I can't sleep. Almost all the preparations for the dance are ready, we just need to put the finishing touches in the ballroom for the dance and schools practically a ride off for the week; most of us are going to be going to different places to shop for our dresses right after school, all over Paris. Visions of girls in spectacular dresses and beautiful boys sporting majestic wings filled my brain as I fell back to sleep.

"Wake up Ora!" I hear Blu's slightly strained soft voice. I look up to smiling charcoal grey eyes and I

am hit by a sense of relief; I guess I was more worried about her than I thought.

"Blu!" the Twins say in unison. Damn!

"Are you feeling okay now?" Lita says.

"You need anything?" Geisha says.

"We missed you!" the Twins say this in Unison again. Will they ever stop? As if that's not enough they attack her with hugs as Blu tries to tell them that she is fine.

"You guys should go get ready for school. We don't have a lot of time." says Blu as she walks across to her closet and picks out her uniform while the Twins scamper off to get ready, I surprise my self by walking over to Blu and hugging her.

"I'm glad your okay, and I'm sorry about that hex, it was stupid."

Blooming's POV

I'm surprised when Miora walks away. She's not exactly the most emotional person I know, she often seems cold even to me and the Twins. I put on our

tan straight-leg trousers, navy blue and white boat neck long sleeve shirt and I chose to wear our cream Balenciaga blazer instead of our blue one; http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_lpFvUD9O3hQ/SIO2yhS2XHI/AAAAAAAAAzw/ozZlLn6t5vE/s400/balenciaga%2Bfw%2B07a.jpg then black and white classic high top Nikes; http://www.flatspot.com/store/images/nike_sb_footwear/09_feb/blazer_hi_blk_wht_ex.jpg, they looked sort of masculine but since our uniforms look so preppy I think it deserves an urban touch. My hair is still wet from the bath I had in the infirmary so I twist it up into a bun and put on some clear MAC gloss, then sit down and wait for the others so that we could all go to the lounge together. Geisha pops her head out of the bathroom;

"What are you doing, don't wait for us. Go to the lounge, we'll probably run late today, so we'll see you at lunch. Go!" Geisha waves and smiles as I walk out of the suite. Bounding the elevator, I soon reach our spacious lounge/ common room. The lounge is designated for both sexes, with its high tan walls, and electric blue couches, cream throw pillows, caramel

bean bag chairs, and chestnut coffee tables; it is totally cool yet sophisticated. I sat down on one of the big bean bag chairs, grabbed a remote and turned on the lounge's 52" flat screen T.V; we had one in the centre and some pool tables, shelves with new DVDs and board games, to keep us entertained. At this time in the morning all that was on were cartoons and news and weather reports, so I opted for an episode of Looney Tunes. Five minutes into it and Salem walks in, I wave at him and he smiles hugely in return.

"So how are you feeling?" says Salem

"I'm fine? I mean I'm still absorbing the fact that I have wings. Otherwise I guess I'm alright, all thanks to Babel." I say smiling at the thought of Babel.

"You like him." It was a statement but I answered with a shy nod.

"He's an Angelo, he already has a marriage lined up." Shock reverberated through me and questions ran through my mind; who is she? Where is she from? Is she in the school? Then what am I to Babel Angelo?

Babel's POV

I feel a shock run through my bones; Blooming. I start walking to the common room the same time the bell rings. I turn and make my way to my first class; Advanced English Lit. I walk in and say hey to West, and then I sit in the middle row leaving a seat between me and the wall for Blooming. A few seconds later she walks in and catches my eye, she walks over to me and I can't help but let a grin light up my face, to which she responds to with her own little smile. She sits beside me, but her smile fades quickly, she looks as though she wants to ask me something but whatever she was going to ask is cut off by West as he begins dissecting Michael Drayton's novel, Nymphidia and its portrayal of the faery Queen Mab and fairy Folklore. Mid way through the class I glance at Blooming and I chuckle a little; she's riveted and is clearly enjoying West's pretty cool slide show on Queen Mab renaissance paintings. I guess she heard me chuckle because she turns to look at me, her expression turning serious. She leans towards my ear:

"Do you....already know the girl you're supposed to marry?"

"Yes." Who the hell told her about this! I feel anger rising in me.

"Are you in love with her?" Blooming asks nervously.

"I don't know yet, but it's alright because you're---" I'm cut off by the bell signalling our next class; philosophy. Blooming rises and it's obvious that she's mad.

"Hold on Blu, just let me explain..."

"Angelo! Wait up for a minute; I want to arrange an art trip to the Musée du Louvre for this fey influence unit..."

I speak with West, and then I run to my next class, feeling tension in the halls. When I walk into class Blooming is at the back of the room silently fuming, clearly I would have to explain things to her properly soon. But, for now I still have time, I'll try to distract her from the topic of my mate; she's not even supposed to know anything about it yet. Mademoiselle Candien starts her lecture on mystic

powers and energy. I cannot get away with talking in Candien's class so I wait for the class to end, signaling lunch; every grade has lunch together so our lunch period is 1 hour and 15 minutes long. Blooming Gets up and starts packing up her things.

"Blooming hold on, look can we talk about things during lunch, uh... somewhere private...meet me in the art room in 20 minutes. I have to take care of something first."

McCauley's POV

Oh Merde! Babel's pissed off.

"Who told her?" his mental voice is dead calm. I look to Frederic as Babel comes through the cafeteria doors. To everyone else he looks calm, cool, and collected as always but we can all feel his anger. He makes his way to our table and says out loud this time:

"Who told her that I am to be married? However it was speak now, or so help me...I will--"

"You'll what? She deserved to know. At least something should be cleared up for her, considering

how confused she is right now. But what do you do? You spend your time flirting with her instead of clarifying things for her. Why don't you tell her that having diamonds on her wings is not natural, or that it's odd that her wings are taking so long to come out?" says an angry Salem.

"Don't you think I would love to explain everything to her? Let her know that she's my soul mate; have everything be the way it should? But it's not that simple, things are getting more complicated. Besides the fact that if I told her all the things you want me to tell her she would feel like a freak, her wings are already drawing a lot of the Elder's attention and not all of them have positive things to say. They think her arrival is symbolic; something huge is on its way, why else is she my mate instead of Miora Grace." Whoa! I didn't know that, in fact probably no one does. I look at Salem trying to gauge his expression. He should not have told Blu, it's not his place and he knows that. As if hearing my thoughts Babel says the exact same thing out loud. Babel looks up to the huge clock.

"I have to go, explain some things to Blooming. And one more thing Salem, don't think I don't know."

"Babel! He only told her that you had an arranged marriage, he never said to who or when you must marry her, just tell her that you have time, and you can still be with whoever you want." I tell him as he leaves.

Blooming's POV

Babel comes into the art room, and my breath is knocked out of me until I remember that I am angry at him.

"I don't think its right. If you're supposed to marry some other girl that you might be in love with then what are you doing with me? Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself, we never really said that we were together, I just kind of assumed that we were."

"Hold on, when did I say that I might be in love with her? Look Blu, I'm not in love with her but I mean...there's still time. It's not as though I'm marrying her right now. I can be with whoever I

want and I want you. We never had to say that we are together because it just seemed obvious."

"Don't play around with me Babel, if you're supposed to be with another girl, who am I to-" He cut me off, grabbing both my hands and squeezing them tight.

"I want to be with you, only you! Screw the marriage, let's just be...together. Is that so hard?" Babel asks me hopefully.

"Maybe...It's all right." I concede.

"Can I be your date for the dance? We could go out after third period, maybe have dinner or if you prefer I could help you pick a dress for the dance?"

"I'll get back to you on that. Okay?"

"Sure Blooming. Whatever you want." Babel says.

About the Author

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